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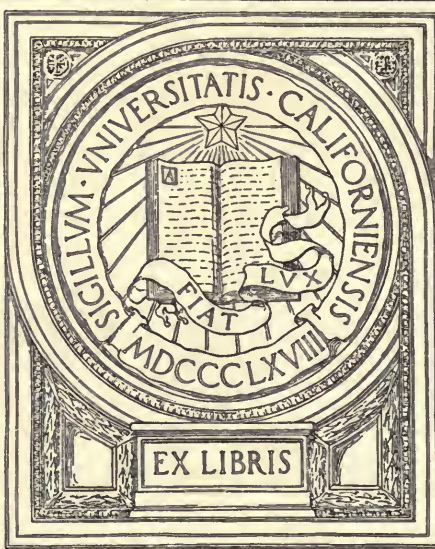
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Fifty Years A Printer
By
William M. Cubery

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

Fifty Years a Printer



William M. Cubery

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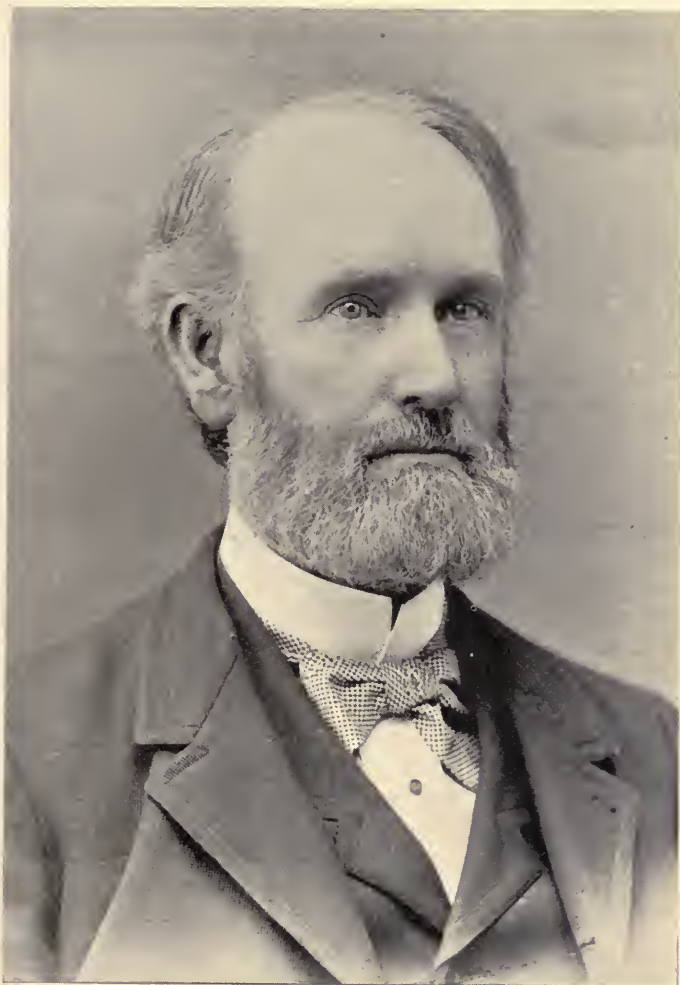
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“Have Faith and Struggle On.”



HENRY O. HOUGHTON
THE EMPLOYER ON THE SHADY SIDE OF LIFE

GOWAN LIBRARY, 1936
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WILLIAM M. CUBERY
THE APPRENTICE ON THE SHADY SIDE OF LIFE

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Laugh, and the World Laughs With You.

This poem was written in December, 1862, by Colonel John A. Joyce, at the Galt House, Louisville, Ky., at the request of George D. Prentice.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you ;
Weep, and you weep alone ;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer ;
Sigh! It is lost on the air ;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you ;
Grieve, and they turn and go ;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many ;
Be sad, and you lose them all ;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded ;
Fast, and the world goes by ;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Fifty Years a Printer.

Life of an Apprentice Nearly Half a Century Ago.

It may be of interest to the boys of this generation to know what was expected of apprentice boys half a century ago, hence this sketch :

On March 20, 1850, a boy lacking five days of fourteen entered the employ of Bolles & Houghton,* Cambridge, Massachusetts, and assumed the responsible position of printer's devil. The desire of the employers was that he should be indentured but the spirit of independence reigned in the little devil's breast and he refused to sign papers, but strange to say that while he was the only one to refuse to be "bound," he was the only one that served seven years—the others taking French leave. The salary of this apprentice was to be thirty dollars a year and his board, ten dollars to be added each year. The duties were varied. Up at five o'clock in the morning, summer and winter. Open the office, pick up type, sprinkle the floor, sweep, hasten to breakfast, run errands, wheel stereotype forms; rain or shine, snow or sleet, ice or mud, those forms must be at the foundry, half a mile away, at a certain time. Here in California we would hesitate to ask an expressman to go into the storms that that fourteen-year little fellow had to face with his wheelbarrow load of type, as much as he could wheel. This was the dark side of his life.

Joys of Carrying Proofs.

One of the pleasing duties of a printer's devil's life is carrying proofs. It often admits the boy into the best as well

*This firm was soon after succeeded by Henry O. Houghton & Co. (Riverside Press).

as the worst society. He may be sent to the lowest whiskey saloon in the land, or to the palace of some writer whom the world delighteth to honor. To the little representative of Satan it makes but little difference to which he is sent, for he realizes he represents the press; and no matter how dirty his hands or how poor his garb he feels that he holds a very responsible position, and that no ordinary mortal can properly carry proofs from the printing office to the author.

Having these sentiments, you can realize how our hero felt one day when he was requested by Prof. Bowen, editor of the *North American Review*, to be kind enough hereafter to leave his proof in the kitchen, as the use of the door knocker disturbed a new born baby. That request broke the little devil all up, to think that he—a representative of the press—should be requested to go to the kitchen—just the same as the butcher and baker—it must not be, and it was not, either, for the enterprising youth found a side door, possessing a good healthy door knocker, and he used that with a will—baby or no baby—and the dignity of his craft was thus preserved!

Among those whom he honored with calls, was W. W. Story, the noted sculptor, who edited the works of his father Judge Story. Right here the boy wishes to pay tribute to the uniform courtesy he received from this great artist, and while the man has probably long ago forgotten the red-haired boy who tarried in his hotel room while he read the proof, yet that boy has noted with pleasure the laurels his friend has won, and has ever been proud of the fact that the cloudy path of his youth was brightened by the genial smile and kindly advice of one of the Chesterfields of the world.

Then he carried proofs to Hon. Edward Everett—the other extreme from Story—cold as marble, ceremonious as a Frenchman; the boy had no use for Everett when he discovered that

the great orator was too proud to enter a printing office, Oliver Wendell Holmes was geniality itself, and when he asked our boy's opinion whether it was best to use a red line on the title page of the first edition of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* you can judge what that apprentice thought of the fact, for he felt that there was at least one man on earth that appreciated his talent as a printer, although he had been only two years at the trade. Professor Parsons, author of *Parsons on Contracts*, is remembered as the personification of the old-style gentleman; for on entering the composing room at Riverside, he invariably removed his hat and until outside the door remained uncovered, which our observing boy thought was just right, as it showed proper respect to the art preservative of all arts.

As a Pressman.

At one time it was thought that the subject of this sketch would be compelled to leave the printing business on account of ill health. So he was placed in the pressroom, and soon had charge of two Adams presses. He helped to print the principal law works of Little, Brown & Co., many of the publications of Ticknor & Fields and the first edition of Worcester's Dictionary.

No one was ever hurried in the Riverside pressroom. The *best* work, not the *quickest* work, was the aim of the establishment; and time has demonstrated the wisdom of the practice—for while other offices have appeared and faded away this one has never gone backward and still enjoys an enviable reputation for good work.

The advantage of being familiar with composition and presswork was demonstrated to our late apprentice upon his arrival in California. He had not set type for many years and as he could get no employment at presswork he went back to the "case," and when that failed he was put on an old Adams press;

but he soon discovered that speed, not quality, was the California pressman's motto, and he learned to "slash" his work to the great joy of his employer and to his own great disgust.

How Leisure Moments Were Spent.

After he was relieved from the responsible duty of sweeping the office he devoted the early morning hours and his spare time after supper in distributing type for an old printer. In this way he added one cent and, by extra effort, two cents per day to his immense salary of fifty dollars a year.

During his apprenticeship he belonged to the Irving Society of Old Cambridge, Mechanics Apprentices Association of Boston, and the Irving Literary Association of Cambridgeport. He heard lectures delivered by Bayard Taylor, John B. Gough, Edward Everett, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, John G. Saxe, George William Curtis, and many other noted characters.

In old Massachusetts the boys are better posted on public affairs than they are in California. Here they are well up in base ball, prize fights, bicycle races, balls, parties, whist clubs, boat clubs, etc.; but they are too much occupied in these elevating pursuits to condescend to become familiar with the public questions of the day. Many of the graduates of our universities are appallingly ignorant of the science of government. What is the result? They vote as their fathers vote. The tyranny of corporations is taken as a matter of course. Wrongs increase. Corruption rules. Honesty is at a discount. Chaos reigns in public affairs; and our young men fold their hands, act the part of Holmes' "Sweet Little Man," and idiotically ask: "How can we help it?" No such question is ever propounded in the Old Bay State. The motto there is: "Ask for nothing but what is right and submit to nothing that is wrong." What follows?

Wherever you find a true son of Massachusetts you find a genuine patriot and an A No. 1 kicker. This was well illustrated in Los Angeles during the late war. It was difficult then to tell who were rebels and who were Union men. A stranger entered the town and it was asked: "Is he all right?" The reply was: "Yes, of course, he is from Massachusetts."

The reason for this marked difference is that the boys in Massachusetts attend all town meetings and lectures, have debating societies, where the questions of the day are discussed, and they take an interest in the public welfare—whether it is "Bleeding Kansas" or "Suffering Cuba" gatherings, the boys are there; they glory in the fact that they are American citizens, and they are ever ready to do their part to advance the welfare of the nation and defend the honor of her flag. Some such spirit should be infused into the Native Sons of California, for they are too fond of "sports," money and fun. They refuse, as a class, to strive for a university education, preferring to make money when young, little dreaming that the educated man in the future will control more and more the purse strings, and the untutored mind will be but the slave to the learned. As it is now the Native Daughters of California have better physiques, better morals, and are better educated than the Native Sons, and if the boys do not develop more ambition, the story of the Amazons will be repeated at the portal of the Golden Gate.

On Boarding Housekeepers.

If there is anything that endangers the profits of a boarding house it is a boy with good healthy digestive organs—like the one who was told by his mother to always leave the table wishing he had more, and he piteously replied: "That he always did." As the trees in the forest differ in beauty; as the mountain streams

vary their music—now soft as a zephyr—then wild as the tempest shock—as no two human beings are alike—so the presiding angels of boarding houses have no twin-like resemblance. Early to bed and early to rise, and the manifold duties to perform in the meantime, had the effect to increase to an alarming extent, the already well-developed appetite of our hero. Now some landladies are pleased to see a boy manifest an earnest desire to bear testimony to the fact that the cooking of the establishment meets with his unqualified approval. May God bless them, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. He recalls one now. The little gormandizer was very fond of Indian pudding; so one day the landlady secured the consent of the other boarders to waive their pudding in order that the boy should have the right of way. Plate after plate of pudding quickly disappeared; and while they lost their share of the pudding, the loss was forgotten as they beheld the eating capacity of that small boy, and as he retired from the table with a grateful heart and an excessively well-filled stomach, he noticed a smile upon the face of every boarder—and he hoped they were satisfied, for he was. On the other hand, how can you characterize a specimen of humanity, who, in order to check a boy's appetite, puts something in the food to make him sick; yet the little fellow had to endure that agony for several months. As a rule, however, he was blessed with landladies who felt that as long as he remained under their roof they must be laying up treasures in heaven—for their earthly treasures continually faded away. The apprentice is to be pitied who has to work early and late and then has his food meted out to him by a mean, grasping, hard-hearted landlady.

The boy boarder was not altogether ornamental. He was found very useful in case it was necessary to furnish an escort to some venerable dame, who called for a social chat, and many a time, when acting the part of a gallant, the boy felt that he had much

rather be in bed than walking the streets, acting as body guard to those who were strangers to him and would ever so remain. But he did it like a martyr and it is to be supposed he received a martyr's reward.

What Think Ye of Printers?

This question is often propounded. The apprentice's impressions were not favorable. They made too much "pi" that he was expected to distribute—and that heap, that would fill a peck basket, haunts him still! He was never able to reduce its size; for by the time he had a handful back in the case two more were added by some careless workman. If you want to see a picture of despair look at a boy sorting "pi," where he sees no end to the task and the task constantly increasing. Then, too, in the good old days of '50 printers were too fond of whiskey. It was sad to see only ten compositors on duty Monday morning, where there should have been fifty. It was sadder still to see one of the swiftest compositors, and a general favorite, tearing the hair out of the foreman's head, while in a drunken frenzy. Oh how much better it would be for the boys to remember the words of Solomon:

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, *when* it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Printers are generous to a fault—no just appeal for charity ever goes unheeded—if they have not got the money they will borrow and return it not again, perhaps. They abhor hypocrisy—no man can deceive them with "honeyed words," if they are not true the typo knows it instinctively; they are not church goers, as a

rule, for too many policy men occupy the pulpits these days, and they cannot abide men who are neither hot nor cold. They are good critics and generally just; they are intelligent, well read, unassuming, polite; some of them may be too fond of woman, judging from the number of divorces; they are law abiding citizens, honest, public spirited, industrious, and kind to their families; nervous, thin and cadaverous; can enjoy a good joke, a good lecture, a good cigar and, if strongly tempted, a good drink. They are the personification of patience and do credit to their patron saint—Job; and through his influence and the sufferings they endure striving to benefit humanity it is commonly believed that not a single typo will be excluded from the “better country,” although it is acknowledged that some of the craft will have a very close call and be compelled to give divers and sundry excuses to Saint Peter before they reach a “sit” that has no “take.”

The Chances in California.

If one is a successful business man in California he can succeed in any part of the world; for it takes more hard work, economy, skill, industry and brains to transact business here than elsewhere. The competition is very severe and bitter; the chances of success small and the chances of defeat great. One cause of the difficulty of doing business in California is the narrow-mindedness of the railroad managers. This state is an object lesson to the whole country, showing what the nation will become if corporation tyranny is not checked. It is a pitiable sight to see a grand city like San Francisco under the rule of corporations: its merchant princes trembling for fear they will offend the owner of the plantation; and the city presenting the appearance of a deserted mining town in place of one of the great commercial centers of the world. True freemen never remain slaves forever.

A cyclone of public indignation is gathering that will remove the chains that bind this fair city, and the tyrants will realize the force of the poet's words :

“God help them if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm.

* * * * *

When once their slumbering passions burn
The peaceful are the strong.”

Unless you love trouble and rumors of trouble our advice is to stay away for a season ; but after the storm-cloud has burst and right and decency has won a victory, then come to the fairest land the sun shines upon, where the earth yields a generous increase, where industry finds reward, where the cost of living is cheap, and where, under favorable circumstances, plenty takes the place of want, where the children's cheeks blush with the glow of health, and old age wonders if it has not already reached its heavenly home.

A Retreat for Disabled Printers and Editors.

There is a certain rich man, who has large interests in California (his income from one building is at least \$15,000 per month), who spends his money in New York. He has an editor son-in-law, who some years ago kindly relieved him of the expense of supporting his daughter, and if said son-in-law would suggest to said father-in-law that if he would invest the amount thus saved by the marriage of his daughter, in a retreat for disabled printers and editors, he would be doing the fair thing and thus enable many a brain-tired typo to spend his closing years amid the song of birds and the beauties of nature, and receive—what even kings and princes would enjoy—a printer's blessing. We even take the liberty of suggesting the location, Millbrae, San Mateo County, California, U. S. A.

If this appeal should fail then we look to the Railroad Tyrant, the financial Nero of the Century—who has caused more sorrow and distress in California than any other living man—to donate some of his railroad lands to this good cause. If he does this charitable act the world will say it is a repetition of that great scene of repentance when soon after “the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake and the rocks rent.”

But even if this kind appeal fails let not the craft be discouraged, for in some way or other the retreat will be provided, and before another decade, land now as desolate as the desert, will be tickled by the hoe of the aged printer, and smile with flowers and crops.

Can Good Printing be Done in California?

Yes. Take it on an average there is no place in the world where printing is done in better style than in California. Professors in our universities and other aspirants for literary fame will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly. It is possible that California publishers may not be able to realize as large profits as their Eastern brethren, yet in the long run the difference will be slight, and every genuine Californian is willing to sacrifice something for Home Pride, which will alone build up the interests of the state and retain the money within our own borders and among our own people.

To the Boys of Other Days.

It is possible that this souvenir may fall into the hands of some who have labored with the author either as fellow workmen or as employees. To all such he sends fraternal greetings. If, thus far, the road has been full rough may a kind Providence

yet lead you into green pastures and beside still waters; if, on the other hand, you have secured a "phat take," then he rejoices; but turn not the cold shoulder on your less fortunate brethren, for ill luck may yet overtake you and then you will never regret your charity investments—oftimes they bring the largest and most satisfactory dividends. But whether rich or poor, an humble editor or high-toned journeyman, remember our latch-string is always out; but he fears the unfortunate ones will be apt to receive the more cordial welcome—for "the poor are piteous to the poor."

The Apprenticeship Ended.

On March 20, 1857, the apprenticeship ended, and the graduate received his diploma, bought a new suit and a plug hat, and his employer gave him a reception at his residence. The record of his life, since graduation, has been kindly published by the *Inland Printer*, which appears with a fac-simile of the diploma, on the following pages; and he desires to return thanks to the publishers of that valuable publication for the honor thus conferred, and he will cherish it as one of the most pleasing incidents of his checkered career, that a magazine of such high character should of its own free will and accord, without hope of reward, honor him with such an extended and favorable notice in its columns.



RIVERSIDE PRESS CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

March 20, 1857.

This is to Certify, That

WILLIAM M. CUBERY

Has served a regular Apprenticeship of seven years at the

PRINTING BUSINESS,

*In our office; and we cheerfully recommend him as a master
in his business, and a young man of excellent ability and
high moral worth.*

W. O. Day & Co.

CUBERY & CO., PRINTERS, SAN FRANCISCO.*

BY STYLUS.

THE printer-journalist is so frequently met with that we look upon him as a natural product of the evolutionary tendency ; but it will be noted that most printers who have taken to journalism graduated from the case in a newspaper office. The book or job printer most frequently sticks to his case, or until he engages in the business for his own account. Then again the printer who is successful as a newspaper man rarely leaves that for the less exciting occupation of an employing printer.



WILLIAM M. CUBERY.

William M. Cubery is a San Francisco printer with a history, some particulars of which are worth recording. He was born in Massachusetts in 1836, and at the age of fourteen—in fact, five days

before he reached his fourteenth birthday he began work as an apprentice to the Riverside Press at Cambridge, where he served the regular, old-fashioned apprenticeship of seven years, and was the first to be graduated from that famous establishment. After serving his time he continued for a few years in the employ of the office where he had learned every branch of the trade, until he was seized with a desire to visit California, arriving in San Francisco in October, 1860. After the usual vicissitudes and experiences he went to Los Angeles County, and toward the close

*So valuable a publication as the *Inland Printer*, appeals to all lovers of artistic typography and illustration, and its circulation should not be confined to printers. It is published by the Inland Printer Co., Chicago, at \$2.00 per year.

of the war was editor of the Wilmington (Los Angeles County) *Journal*. This paper had the proud distinction of being the only Union paper in Southern California, a community noted at that time for its strong disunion sentiment. Mr. Cubery is a man of firmness, and was not deterred from expressing his sentiments in the midst of the most unfriendly surroundings. During this period he served his township as justice of the peace in addition to his other duties.

In July, 1866, peace and prosperity having resumed their sway in California, he returned to San Francisco, where he organized a partnership under the name of Cubery & Co., and engaged in the printing business on a moderately large scale. From that date he has had all the experiences of California life—prosperity, adversity; has had a little band of true friends; has been wounded by the ingratitude of those whom he had befriended, though often cheered by the kind words of some he had chanced to aid. Having been well grounded in his business, he always insisted on work of a high character.

His office had the distinction of printing the first book in the Russian language ever produced in America, at a time when the Russian influence was more strongly felt than now on the Pacific Coast. He has also printed all the botanical works of Prof. E. L. Greene, the noted botanist. For many years he was the printer of the *Pacific Churchman*, an occupation which brought him the satisfaction of work well performed, but without substantial returns. Mr. Cubery was president of the Young Men's Christian Association more than thirty years ago, and without ostentation has labored for the mental and moral improvement of the community, as many a journeyman printer will testify. He served ten years in the militia of California at a time when members were liable to be called on in defense of the country; helped to organize St. Luke's Hospital; was a member of the

celebrated Wallace Grand Jury—an honest attempt of honest men to reform some of the departments of the public service in San Francisco; and is a member of several benevolent and beneficiary orders, including the Masons.

While never in politics as a politician, Mr. Cubery is always heard from during a political campaign, and then on the side of clean government and an honest administration of the city's affairs.

The printing office of Cubery & Co. is located at 587 Mission street, occupying a roomy loft, and while not a large establishment, is well equipped for the class of work undertaken. Mr. Cubery gives his personal supervision to much of the work, which has a character of its own. For many years he has had a great deal of church and educational work, and his catalogues for private seminaries and schools are well known. Then for a number of years he had a very large business in society cards, at one time keeping on hand hundreds of thousands of the manufactured stock ready for names. This business has been so depreciated in recent years by the flooding of the country with cheap, gaudy designs, that he now gives less attention to that branch than formerly.

It is not often one sees a business man and a printer in the afternoon of life enjoying a moderate competency and a serene existence. Too often the struggle for a livelihood and the upbuilding of a business beget a fevered condition not compatible with contentment and ease.

There can be no question that the scramble for wealth is the undoing of very many every day, and the printer to be envied is not he who has built up a great establishment, with hundreds of employees, but the one who has through it all preserved his health and his ability to enjoy life.

—*Inland Printer.*

General Headquarters, State of California,

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

Sacramento, December 14th. 1873

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to Certify That William M. Curbey has faithfully served in the organized Militia of the State of California for the space of **SEVEN CONSECUTIVE YEARS**, and is, therefore, in pursuance of Section 436 of the Political Code, **EXEMPTED FROM FURTHER MILITARY AND JURY SERVICE.**
except in time of war.

Witness my hand and Official Seal.

L. H. Cook

Adjutant-General, California.

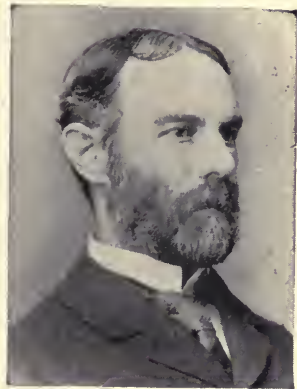
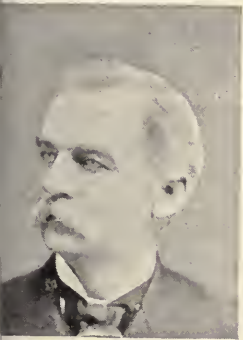
We print the following pages to enable our friends to enjoy some California views. Also to convince them that Cubery & Company are well equipped to do Printing and Engraving of every description.





Scene at Anderson's Springs, Lake County, California, one of the favorite health resorts of the State.

Anderson's Springs
Lake County, California

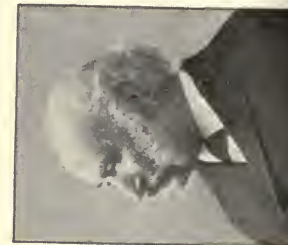
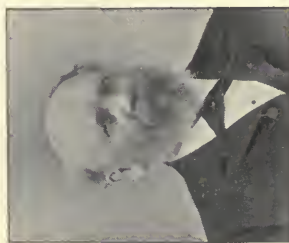
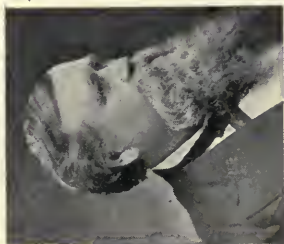


COL. A. S. HUBBARD

Founder and Past President-General Society of the Sons of the American Revolution



Cubery & Company introduced the custom of using Photo-Engravings for political purposes. Below are a few out of hundreds of cuts of candidates for office who were willing to sacrifice themselves for the public welfare at good salaries. Candidates desiring to be elected in the future should remember these facts.



Of Interest to Women.

Girls, don't marry a man for money, position, or anything but love.

Don't do it, if you want to live to a good old age and be happy.

You may think that money can bring you all you desire, but it can't.

That is where you are mistaken. It can buy a good many things, but it can never purchase contentment and happiness for your heart and soul.

It may bring temporary smiles to your face, but it will leave great shadows in your heart.

Don't think that I would advise you to marry a worthless fellow just because you imagine you love him.

A refined, good, intelligent woman should never marry a vulgar, ill-bred man. No, no, never unite yourself to any one who is not a man in the truest meaning of the word.

Neither could I advise a woman to marry a man who had no visible means of supporting her, but for heaven's sake don't marry a millionaire or a king, if you don't love him.

It will not do.

People have tried it time and again, only to find it a miserable failure.

It may do for awhile. You may revel in gilded halls, and be lost in the giddy rounds of pleasure, but a time will come when these things will be a hollow mockery to you.

There will be an "aching void" the world can never fill.

Sometimes mothers are to blame for the unhappiness of their daughters.

They teach them that respect for their husband and lots of "boodle" are infinitely to be preferred to that foolishness called love.

That would do very well if life had no waves of trouble, but it takes something more than simple respect to make two hearts cling together in the hour of adversity.

A woman that turns her back upon wealth and takes the man of her choice may miss some of the luxuries of life, but she will be happy.

To Make a Happy Home.

1. Learn to govern yourselves and to be gentle and patient.
2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayers and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
3. Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts.
4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.
5. Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature whose development we must expect, and that we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.
6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.
7. Beware of the first disagreement.
8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.
9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.
10. Study the characters of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.
11. Do not neglect little things if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.
12. Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.
13. Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.
14. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.
15. Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.
16. Be gentle and firm with children.
17. Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.
18. Do not allow them to go where they please on the Sabbath.
19. Do not furnish them with much spending money.
20. Don't grumble. He is a fool that grumbles at every mischance. Put the best foot forward, is an old and good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate. People do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination, a cheerful spirit; if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther—look it steadily in the face and it will turn from you.

Funeral.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,
When there slowly through a window came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,
'Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child;
I could picture him when living—curly hair, protruding lip—
And had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried Southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of Death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath.
And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound
Than was in the chain of tear-drops that enclapsed those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden desk,
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed, undying race.

And he said, "Now don't be weepin' for dis pretty bit o' clay,
For de little boy who lived dere, he done gone and run away.
He was doin very finely, and he 'preciate your love!
But sure 'nuff his Father want him in de large house up above.

"Now he don' give you dat baby, by a hundred thousan' mile!
He just think you need some sunshine, an' He lend it for a while!
An' He let you keep 'an' love it till your hearts were bigger grown;
An' dese silver tears you're sheddin's jest de interest on de loan.

"Here yer oder pretty chillun!—don' he makin' it appear
Dat your love got sort o' noplized by dis little fellow here;
Don' pile up too much your sorrow on deir little mental shelves,
So's to kind o' set 'im wonderin' if de're no account demselves!

"Just you think, you poor deah mounahs, creepin' 'long o'er Sorrow's way,
What a blessed little picnic dis yer baby's got to-day!
Your good faders and good moders crowd de little fellow round
In de angel-tended garden ob de Big Plantation Ground.

"An' dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?' and take off his little shoes.
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an' dey say, 'What is de news?'
An' de Lawd done let his tongue loose; den de little fellow say,
'All our folks down in de valley tries to keep de hebbenly way.'

"An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty things he view;
Den a tear comes, an' he whisper, 'But I want my paryents, too!'
But de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a little song;
Says, 'If only dey be fait'ful dey will soon be comin' 'long.'

"An' he'll get an edycation dat will probably be worth
Seberal times as much as any you could buy for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big schoolhouse, without contempt or fear;
While dere's no end to the bad tings might a happened to him here.

"So my pooah dejected mounahs, let your hearts wid Jesus rest,
An' don' go to critercisin' dat are One w'at knows de best!
He have sent us many comforts—He hab right to take away—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory now and ever!—Let us pray."

—Will Carleton.

The Sweet Little Man.

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,
Each at his post to do all that he can,
Down among rebels and contraband chattels,
What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping,
All of them pressing to march with the van,
Far from the home where there sweethearts are weeping;
What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with the terrible warlike moustaches,
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,
You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes,
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Bring him the buttouless garment of woman!
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;
Mustern the Apron-string Guards on the Common,
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster,—
That is the crest for the sweet little man!

O, but the Apron-string Guards are the fellows!
Drilling each day since our troubles began,—
"Handle your walking sticks!" "Shoulder umbrellas!"
That is style for the sweet little man.

Have we a nation to save? In the first place
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan,—
Surely the spot where there's shooting's the worst place
Where I can stand, says the sweet little man.

Catch me confiding my person with strangers!
Think how the cowardly Bull-Runners ran!
In the brigade of the Stay-at-home rangers
Marches my corps, says the sweet little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,
Such were the soldiers that scaled the Redan;
Truculent housemaids and bloodthirsty Quakers
Brave not the wrath of the sweet little man.

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery maidens!
Sauve qui peut! Bridget, and right about! Anu;—
Fierce as a shark in a school of menhadens,
See him advancing, the sweet little man.

When the red flails of the battle-field's threshers
Beat out the continent's wheat from its bran,
While the wind scatters the chaffy seceshers,
What will become of our sweet little man?

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,
How will he look while his features they scan?
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,
Signed by his lady love? Sweet little man!

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect him,—
Life is too precious to shorten its span;
Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect him,
Will she not fight for the sweet little man!

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-home Ranger!
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan!
First in the field that is farthest from danger,
Take your white-feather plume, sweet little man.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Bereaved Ones.

I know, in grief like yours, how more than vain
All comfort to the stricken heart appears ;
And as the bursting cloud must spend its rain,
 So grief its tears.

I know that when your little darling's form
Had freed the angel's spirit fettered there,
You could not pierce beyond the breaking storm
 In your despair.

You could not see the tender hand that caught
Your little lamb to shield him from all harm ;
You missed him from your own, but never thought
 Of Jesus' arm.

You only knew those precious eyes were dim ;
You only felt those lovely lips were cold ;
You only clung to what remained of him—
 The mortal mould.

But oh, fond parents, look ! the gate unbars,
And through the darkness, smiling from the skies,
Are beaming on you, brighter than those stars,
 Your darling's eyes.

'Tis said that when the pastures down among
The Alpine hills have ceased to feed the flocks,
And they must mount to where the grass is young,
 Far up the rocks,

The shepherd takes a little lamb, at play,
And lifts him gently to his careful breast,
And with its tender bleating leads the way
 For all the rest ;

That quick the mother follows in its path,
Then others go, like men whose faith gives hopes,
And soon the shepherd gathers all he hath
 Far up the slopes.

And on these everlasting hills he feeds
The trusting fold in green that never palls.
Look up ! Oh see ! Your little darling leads—
 The shepherd, Jesus, calls.

—*Rev. William Munford.*

Have Faith and Struggle On.

A Swallow in the Spring

Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled

With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,

But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed

The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,

And toiled again—and last night, hearing calls,
I looked—and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!

Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on!

—*R. S. S. Andros.*

Making the Best of Life.

Let us drive away woe
As we would any foe:
There's joy in the world for us yet;
And a laugh and a song,
As we're passing along,
Is better by far than to fret.

'Tis true, there is sorrow
Enough we can borrow,
And dark clouds will sometimes arise;
But they'll soon pass away,
For one bright sunny ray
Will banish them all from our skies.

Ay, we know well enough,
That the road is full rough,
And our feet may be weary and sore;
But we'll smile at the pain
If we only can gain
In the end, that sunnier shore.

We can sail on the sea,
Although storm-lashed it be,
And smile when the mad billows roll:
Dangers only will serve
To make strong the weak nerve,
And strengthen the heart and the soul.

Should our friends prove untrue,
We will seek faces new,
And bid the lost friendship good-bye:
We can lighten our load
On the rough, rugged road,
And be glad, if we only will *try*.

If our loved ones must go,
We will let the tears flow:
It will serve to ease the sad heart.
But the hope will remain:
We shall meet them again,
In a land where we never shall part.

On a Street Car.

It was just six o'clock and the car was packed with people going home. She carried some bundles, and in her efforts to handle them and save them from crushing, she dropped her mitten. She saw it go, but was powerless to stay its descent, and it went down in successive stages in a triangular space between herself, a man who looked over her head and an individual who was deaf.

"There goes my mitten!"

The deaf man leaned over and said: "Eh?"

"My mitten—mitten—it fell down."

"Well, ye can't get it, mum. Ye'll have to wait till the car gits to the end of the line, so the conductor can pull up the floor."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. Besides, I ain't going to have all these people walk in on it for half an hour."

"Haven't you got another?" said the deaf man.

"Course I've got another one," and she wiggled the hand incased in her other mitten.

The deaf man saw the movement, and knowing that women often carry car fare inside their hand covering, reached over and pulled her mitten off for her.

Then she screamed.

The conductor was the only man who could edge his way to the scene of trouble.

"What's the matter here?"

"Lady dropped her nickel and can't pick it up."

"Didn't drop my nickel—dropped my mitten," said the lady with the packages.

"Said she had another one, but she lied."

"You're an old door post," said the woman with one mitten.

"Queer how some folks go traveling about town with only one nickel," said the deaf man.

"They get along bett'rn people with no ears."

"Was that all the money yer husband gave ye?" asked the deaf man in a tone of sympathy. "He must be a regular brute."

"If he was here now he'd eat you up."

"I s'pose them's collars and cuffs she's been doin' up and goin' to deliver 'em," said the deaf man to the passers.

Then the conductor said: "Fare, please, and the woman gave up a nickel she had been carrying in her mouth.

"Thought it was in your mitten," said the deaf man.

"You don't know how to think," said the woman.

"Wonder why she didn't carry 'em both in her mouth?" said the deaf man.

"You ought to stuff both of your own mittens in yer mouth," said the woman.

"Ain't ye afraid ye'll swaller yer nickel that way some time?" asked the deaf man.

"If I do I reckon it won't injure my hearing," said the woman.

Then the conductor got down on the floor and recovered the woman's mitten, and she got off at the next crossing, wondering why some people didn't carry ear trumpets.

The Survival of the Fittest.

In northern zones the ranging bear
Protects himself with fat and hair.
Where snow is deep and ice is stark,
And half the year is cold and dark,
He still survives a clime like that
By growing fur, by growing fat.
These traits, O Bear, which thou transmittest,
Prove the survival of the fittest!

To polar regions waste and wan
Comes the encroaching race of man.
A puny, feeble, little lubber—
He had no fur, he had no blubber.
The scornful bear sat down at ease
To see the stranger starve and freeze ;
But lo! the stranger slew the bear,
And ate his fat, and wore his hair!
These deeds, O Man, which thou committest,
Prove the survival of the fittest!

In modern times the millionaire
Protects himself as did the bear.
Where Poverty and Hunger are,
He counts his bullion by the car.
Where thousands suffer, still he thrives,
And after death his Will survives.
The wealth, O Cressus, thou transmittest,
Proves the survival of the fittest!

But lo! some people, old and funny,
Some men without a cent of money,
The simple, common Human Race,—
Chose to improve their dwelling place.
They had no use for Millionaires;
They calmly said the world was theirs ;
They were so wise—so strong—so many—
The Millionaire? There wasn't any!
These deeds, O Man, which thou committest,
Prove the survival of the fittest!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

Know Thyself.

He nobly cast himself beneath
The regicide's descending knife,
Heroically meeting death
To save his sovereign's life ;
And as he bled upon the sword
The monarch offered him reward.

“If thou be grateful unto me,
O King !” the dying padre said,
“Each morn and night, on bended knee,
And with uncrowned head,
Pray thou for him, or far or near,
Who standeth most in need of prayer.”

* * * * *

That night the king, on bended knee,
Cried, “Lord, have mercy upon me.”

— *W. B. Seabrook.*

People's Prayer.

God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill:
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, —Men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flattery without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking:
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their loud professions, and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.

—*J. G. Holland*

Fifty Years a Printer.

"The Times Change, and We Change with Them."

TO MY FRIENDS:

Fifty years today I began life as a printer. Figuratively I shake hands with each one, and say: "God bless you; how old *you* look! Why, *I* feel younger than ever!"

In earlier days I struggled unremittingly, torturing my poor body in efforts to get ahead; but the experience of fifty years in Life's battle has taught me that the possession of wealth is not everything; that many a millionaire would gladly exchange places with the poor man who has a clear conscience, good health, and a cheerful home.

The following was published in August, 1894:

William M. Cubery is not as young as he was March 25th, 1836. Became a printer March 20th, 1850. Served an old-fashioned seven years' apprenticeship at Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, being the first apprentice that graduated from that noted office.

Arrived in California October, 1860.

Edited Wilmington (Los Angeles county) *Journal*, the only Union paper in Southern California during the rebellion, from March, 1865, to July, 1866, and served as Justice of the Peace.

Returned to San Francisco and organized the firm of Cubery & Company.

August 6th, 1870, married the best woman in the world.

From that date he has had all the experiences of California life: Prosperity and adversity; enjoyed the blessings of little ones in the household; endured the agony of placing them in their narrow homes in the "city of the silent;" been favored with a little band of true friends; been wounded by ingratitude; and yet often cheered by kind words from those he chanced to aid.

August 6th, 1894. The setting sun now finds him near the Golden Gate. His little home is in the town of Alameda—one of the pretty spots of earth. Here he hopes to end his days, among a people whom he loves, and amid such beauties of nature that it will not seem difficult, when "mustered out" as Sentinel of the Golden Gate, to imagine that he has had a continuous journey to the other Goodly Land.

* * * * *

His little Alameda home is no more. Death entered it February 1st, 1898, and carried away its charm and its mainstay. He now lives in a cheerful room in San Francisco—alone in that great city—for his loved ones have all gone to their "long home." But he is sustained in the pleasant thought that he was ever blessed with their confidence and love.

* * * * *

To the members of the craft I extend fraternal greetings. There may be better men—in Heaven—but I know of no class on earth who do more good, who are more ready to aid distress, to defend the right, to protect the honor of the flag, to elevate and benefit humanity than printers. They may not live in fine houses; their clothes may be misfits; their pocket-books may be light; and they may be a little slow in paying their debts; but in all that constitutes true manhood and builds up a sturdy, honest, hard-working people, and develops a nation's greatness, the craft to which I have had the honor to belong for fifty years has no peer.

May the coming years, my friends, bring to you many blessings. These cannot be more abundant than are heartily prayed for by

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

March 20th, 1900.

Your youthful friend,

WILLIAM M. CUBERY.

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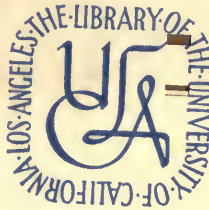


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